Suffer The Kids

Broadway Calls

Oh suffer the kids,
Suffer the kids that inherit this world
And all of the shit,
At the end of our lives we've left it for them,
The same old cycle begins again.

We've been programmed to live strictly for ourselves,
The wiring in our heads fucked up,
But I think it's big enough to comprehend.

This place is suffering at our hands.
We've got narrow minds and fat waistbands.
We've got a war on terror, a war on drugs,
A war on women and a war on love, oh no.

Not innocent no.

So goodbye to warm beaches,
Say goodbye to green trees
And say goodbye to sweet dreams
Because we're not that innocent.